

THE SWAN 1970



HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

In terms of achievement the year has been one of good all-round quality - probably our best for some time.

Performances in the G.C.E. examinations last summer were marginally better at both levels than those of 1968. A large number of boys gained nine 'O' levels and in the 5th form the overall pass percentage was 75.4. The 38 entries from the 4th forms - mainly taking mathematics - achieved a remarkable 89.5% pass rate. At 'A' level the success rate was 72.2%. At least 31 boys gained university places and a further 10 proceeded to other types of further education.

In our quest for Oxbridge places Kevin Gatter, Michael Kenneally, Timothy Rayner and Andrew Wye are already successful and there could well be further places at Cambridge depending on 'A' level results this summer.

We are finding our new acquisition, the Modern Languages Laboratory, a real asset in developing the oral work. Our collection of laboratories is now good by any standards, as the Science Department is also keeping well up to date in terms of apparatus and equipment.

Our Art has always been of a high standard and interest in the subject is as great as ever. The successes in the Slough Festival indicate our broad approach to the subject. First prizes were awarded to a group of first-formers for a Ceramic Tile Panel; to a group of second year boys for a low relief Sculpture Panel; to Neil Foler (4th) for a lino print; to Robert Iole (6₁) for a landscape print, and David Crosswell (6₁) for a landscape painting. David Crosswell also won the Challenge Trophy for the best entry in the Exhibition in the 13 to 18 year group.

Last Summer the cricket XIs had a fair season. The U16 team were undefeated and gained the Horlicks Trophy.

This has been quite an exceptional year for soccer and rugby; and the hockey and basketball results have also been good. The soccer 1st XI lost only three of its twenty-nine matches, and for the third successive year we have won the two-counties knock-out competition, the R. J. Gibbs Cup. Our team captain, Stephen Scattergood, deservedly reached the England Grammar Schools' Final Trial, and played for the Home Counties XI. Gordon Watterson also gained a South of England trial. Altogether seven boys were selected to play in the Berks and Bucks U19 team.

Our Rugby XV won seventeen of its twenty-five matches and amassed 439 points against 170. John Price was picked for trials with London Welsh and the South of England.

The various field outings and trips represent an important sector of our activities. Those abroad have been to France, Austria and the U.S.A. Last summer the School Army Cadets spent Annual Camp at Nosscliffe Camp at Shrewsbury. They obviously gave a good account of themselves, returning with quite a haul of trophies.

We have presented rather more plays than usual in the year. They were the English play The Duchess of Malfi, the modern languages one, Antigone, which was in French, and several others which might be termed experimental. In the summer we were treated to Drama in the Courtyard with outdoor performances of Perkin Warbeck and The Bad-Tempered Man. Then, this spring the middle school put on a successful something entitled Beginnings and which proved to be enjoyable and instructive.

We have again happily co-operated with St. Bernard's Convent School in the dramatic and musical productions.

It is quite impossible to do justice to all our extra-curricular activities, and perhaps invite us to pick out the ones I have. We must however not forget the splendid Careers Convention in October, the Musical Concert this spring, the *Conversazione* and our continued interest in the Slough Musical Festival.

During the past year we have welcomed to the Common Room, Mr. R. W. Smith to teach Mathematics, Mr. T. A. Cattermole for Biology, Mr. C. M. Thomson to take charge of Music, Mrs. S. White to teach Physics, Mr. A. R. Williams for English, and Mr. J. W. Waters to replace Mr. J. G. Myatt who has been away for the year studying Health Education at the City of Birmingham Training College. Also assisting us on a temporary basis are Mr. M. G. Hemming, Mrs. J. A. Sweatman and Miss J. Edwards.

In addition we have welcomed our new school matron, Mrs. Povey. The colleagues who left us last summer - Messrs. Clark, Wiseman, Allan, Bond and Dolan - all went to Head of Department posts and we wish them well.

Speech Day was held on 24th April. Our principal speaker was Dr. W. Verner, M.D., B.Ch., a well-known local personality, and Mrs. Verner presented the prizes.

The School's efforts to raise money for charity have been mainly along the lines of sponsored marathons. In 1969 the boys raised and donated £750. Most of it went towards Cancer Research and to the more local "All Good Causes", and the remainder to the Royal Lifeboat Institution and to the Poppy Day Appeal.

At Christmas I introduced a half-termly newsletter, designed to keep those connected with the school up-to-date with our School and Parents' Association activities. A letter from the Chairman of the Parents' Association follows this report.

It has been an eventful second year for the Parents' Association. We realized, after numerous meetings and much discussion that the covered swimming pool was too ambitious a project, in spite of the gratifying support offered by many parents and friends. The likely alternative and popular target is a squash court.

We must thank the Parents' Association for the many less spectacular ways in which they are helping us. They are providing a University grant to assist any boys in cases of particular hardship, we are soon to receive a much needed cricket score-box from them, and they provide welcome help with refreshments at school functions.

We have been fortunate in the choice of Head Boy, Christopher Morris, and he has been ably supported throughout the year by the Deputies, Mark Dean, Graham Stickland and Robert Wilson.

G. H. Painter,
Head Master.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Dear Parents,

As many of you will know a meeting was held in November 1967, which was extremely well supported, at which it was unanimously decided that a Parents' Association should be formed.

In February 1968 the first meeting of the new Association took place and the objects of the Association were agreed as follows -

- (a) to further the education and welfare of the pupils of the school,
- (b) to provide a means for social fellowship and cultural activities among members,
- (c) to establish and maintain friendly contact between the staff, the parents and others associated with the school,
- (d) to establish a fund, administered by the Committee of the Parents' Association to be used to further the objects of the Association.

Since that time your committee has tried to present a balanced programme of activities with a view to achieving the objects as set out above.

Certain of our activities have been very well supported but in other cases the support has been, to say the least, very disappointing.

Our last two activities came within this latter category.

On 22nd April we had a talk by Mr. R. B. Peters, the Secretary of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, at which we had an attendance of between 50 and 60; and, on 21st May, we had a talk by W/P. Sgt. Gray of Slough Police on "Drugs". Here the attendance was about the same.

Both of these talks were of the highest standard and, in my opinion, every parent should have heard the talk on drugs.

What do members of the Association want? Please let me have any suggestions - or criticisms!!!

For some time the Committee have had under consideration the provision of a cricket score box and I am very pleased to report that this has now been ordered and should be erected before the end of June.

Finally may I say that if there is any parent who would be prepared to serve on the Committee please contact me as there are one or two vacancies.

Please come along to the Fete and also please give your utmost support to the Draw.

Sincerely yours,

Bill Edmunds,
(Chairman).

SIXTH FORM COMMITTEE REPORT.

Early this year a band of willing helpers redecorated the denuded junior cloakroom and the S.G.S. Sixth Form Common Room was born.

By democratic process a committee was formed and it is largely by the efforts of its members that the Common Room has grown to be the hive of activity that it is.

Apart from decorating the room (orange and blue), such delights as snooker, T.V., radio and several card tables have been obtained from various sources.

Several activities have been promoted including an Art Competition, several films, tug-of-war and snooker competitions, and a Grand concert.

Despite several sticky patches - i.e. the collection of subscriptions - the common room has come alive and it is hoped it will become even more the centre of 6th form life in this school.

John Price,
Treasurer,
6th Form Committee.

HOUSE REPORTS.

GRAY.

Once again the house has excelled itself in all spheres. Academically our high standard has been maintained also in the field of sport and general activities the school has been influenced to a great extent by the actions of our members.

One of the saddest moments of the year was the passing on, to better things, of Michael 'Irish' Kenneally, whose inspiring antics in the Senior Sixth Common Room and spirited handling on the rugby field will be missed by many. His achievement of obtaining an Oxford place was equalled by another "Grayite", Kevin Gatter. Good luck to both of them.

Suffice it to say, that these two were outstanding among 'brilliant' company.

The other activities of the school are still under our influence to a large extent. The Cadets have again been brilliantly led by John Price assisted by several sparkling N.C.O.'s from Gray House.

The Sixth Form Committee had four members of Gray in its original form and now two extra members of 61 Gray have joined it and are making their presence felt.

House football, cricket, basketball, athletic and cross country teams have once again given their all, but the final honours have several times only just evaded our clutches. Happily we have had many good performances from the lower school and this gives us great hopes for the future. The greatest achievement of the senior Gray members was their mammoth walkover in the annual tug-of-war.

All that remains is to thank Messrs. Binstead, Browne and Dunn for their efforts on our behalf and to congratulate the house officials on their constant effort throughout the year.

John Price.

HAMPDEN HOUSE REPORT.

This was a year of mixed fortunes for Hampden. In the academic field Andrew Wye obtained an Open Exhibition to King's College, Cambridge, while Timothy Rayner gained a place at Keble College, Oxford. The House has a number of boys with conditional places at other Universities and we hope that their 'A' level results will enable them to fulfill these conditions

As far as sport is concerned the House won last year's Cricket and Football Shield but we have had little success in House Competitions this year. A. Doig played consistently for the 1st XI Soccer while P. Roberts and T. Rayner played for the 2nd XI throughout the season. R. Thomas (Captain) and G. Cannings appeared for the 1st XV Rugby and M. Gogna, C. Seddon and G. Saunders for the 1st XI Hockey. T. Agnew, M. Dean, who played for the County, G. Cannings and P. Roberts were our 1st XI Cricket representatives. In Cross Country A. Spouse, D. Chivers, S. Sullivan and S. Knibbs formed the backbone of the School team. P. Pearce was the House's best athlete and had reasonable success in the County Sports.

Andrew Wye and Kenneth Howse had prominent roles in the Duchess of Malfi. The former also appeared with Corman Smith and Chris Cowlund in the French play "Antigone".

Lastly, our thanks go to Messrs. James, Vivash and Mason for their support.

T. Rayner.

HERSCHEL HOUSE NOTES.

This has been another successful year for Herschel. Christopher Morris, who was made Head Boy, gained a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, and Charles Overton has a place at Corpus Christi, Oxford. In addition many more boys from Herschel will probably be going up to University in October.

We have done exceptionally well on the sports side. Most of the 1st XI were in Herschel and we were also well represented in the 2nd XI and the Rugby XV. We won the inter-house x-country, mainly due to the efforts of the team manager, who shall remain nameless. We were very unfortunate in only coming second in the school sports; we were leading until the relays all of which were won by Milton giving them the shield. The tug-of-war competition was another close finish, where we narrowly lost to Gray House.

In conclusion our thanks to Mr. Wharmby, for his continued interest and support, and especially to Michael Kempster, who I am sure all will agree "has done a grand job!"

M. A. Kempster.

MILTON 1969-70.

House Capt. G. Stickland,
Vice-Capt. P. Fletcher,
Soccer-Capt. N. Chilcott,
Hockey-Capt. P. Dempsey,
Rugby-Capt. C. Pope,
Cricket Capt. M. Finn.
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Without doubt Milton's success during the year has entirely centred on the House's sporting achievements. Milton again had a very good representation in the School senior teams and the following also represented the County:

G. Cunningham and G. Stickland (Soccer),
J. Wilks and D. Braxton (Cricket), and
E. Woloszyn (Athletics), with
S. P. Williams (Rugby) and S. Neilson
(Swimming)
representing the District.

The highlights of the year were undoubtedly our wins in the Inter-House Soccer Tournament and our long overdue victory in the School Sports. Both these successes were largely due to the splendid efforts of the lower school and this augurs well for the future.

On behalf of the House I would like to express our gratitude to all our Housemasters for their help and encouragement.

G. Stickland.

VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

Every Saturday throughout the year, four members of the school, in turn, have shopped for a Mr. Bennett in Taplow who suffers from ataxia. He has informed us that he is extremely grateful for our help. Unfortunately, three members will be unable to continue helping him because they hope to go to university this year. Help is, therefore, urgently needed and anyone interested should contact Mr. Dutton as soon as possible.

A. J. Welsh.

The Community Service group in the school is very small, and its activities are thus limited. We are asked to do little, which is fortunate, for volunteers are hard to come by. Recently a group of boys from the Third Form have helped in an old person's garden, but this is the only sign of hope so far.

F.E.D.

CADET NOTES.

6th Slough Grammar School Company have once again had an excellent year, maybe the best for some time.

At Annual Camp a harvest of trophies was reaped including Tug-o-War, x-country, interior economy and drill. Whilst over the year as a whole we won the Annual Inspection Trophy and the Unit Efficiency Award for Bucks.

A special mention should be made of L/Cpl. Garnham who was declared the Smartest Cadet and was awarded the appropriate trophy.

Over the year several of the unit have attended War Office courses. S/Sgt. Lommon, L/Cpl. Stephen and L/Cpl. Garnham represented us on the signals side and gave a very good account of themselves. L/Cpl. Koopman attended a Leadership Course and passed out successfully. Cpl. Cannings and Cpl. Pyke gained 1st and 2nd places respectfully on the Port Operating course held at Southampton and Portsmouth.

At the conversazione we provided the star turn with an assault course, complete with water-drop. Our half-term exercises have both been successes. One consisted of a search and capture mission aimed at C.S.M. Price and his 'devilish' crew. The Second Exercise was a more conventional retreat under attack, in which, unfortunately S/Sgt. Lommon was in the end, holed-up by the advancing troops.

In the more usual activities our usual high standard has been maintained. Part I and Part II passes have been very good and our new intake of recruits promises much.

A special mention is essential for the signals section, by a system of volunteering our signal group now consists of a high percentage of the company; and under the careful eyes of S/Sgt. Lommon and Cpl. Appleby have been preparing for classification. Cpls. Cannings and Pyke have been passed as Assistant Instructor.

In 1970 Annual Camp will be with 24 Missile Regiment, R.A., in Germany - the first time a County A.C.F. has gone to camp in Germany en bloc. 38 Cadets from our unit will be making the trip.

John Price.

THEATRE IN THE COURTYARD - 22ND MAY, 1969.

It was warm and sunny. We sat in the courtyard by the Senior Entrance, never having seen the covered way like this before. Split symmetrically by two columns, it was to be back-stage, while the space in front with the stone slab jutting into the audience provided the main stage.

As we watched, the scene was set, martial music played and there began the simple, inevitable story of Perkin Warbeck. Henry VII, calculating, quietly mature, plotted with a wily, slit-eyed Bishop of Durham. A clear-voiced Lady Catherine offered the hero a gentle, peaceful interlude, while the exuberant King of Scotland helped him in his ambition, until he betrayed him finally. Perkin, who had entered through the audience, heralded by music, who had romantically heroically played his hand against history, was condemned, and to a dead march, against the background of hangman and gallows, was led off to die.

It was getting darker. I can't remember when I first noticed the lights, but as the sky gradually darkened, they became stronger, casting magic on the scene before us.

The next play was introduced to us by a roguish, button-holing, half-naked Pan, who leapt onto the stone slab in the midst of us. We watched his play and its characters, amongst them - the effete young man, his spritely mischievous servant and an unrecognisable croaking old man. The intrigue mellowed with the evening, we were gently inveigled into Ancient Greece and the curious homely quality of Greek comedy, which the dark night above us enhanced.

. And then we applauded. Yes, we liked you, we enjoyed our evening - let's have some more!

The cast of 'Perkin Warbeck' was:-

J. Edgeworth, B. Feenan, G. Holmes, I. Massie,
H. Middlemass, P. Moody, C. North, S. Oakes,
M. Schroder, B. Smith, M. Spriggs, R. Thomas,
A. Welsh, J. Wilks, N. Wood-Dow.

The play was produced by Mr. F. G. Miles.

The producers of 'The Bad-Tempered Man' were Mr. D. A. Rogers and Jeremy Black.

THE SCHOOL PLAY 1969 -

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI - JOHN WEBSTER.

Following the usual pattern of alternating between plays of Shakespeare and other authors, Mr. Fallows and Mr. Rogers this year selected a play by one of Shakespeare's lesser known contemporaries. It was a brave choice, containing difficult scenes and a complicated plot, but they produced the play in their usual excellent manner.

Although it is perhaps wrong to distinguish between the actors, there were so many exceptional performances that some mention must be made of them. In his first school play, K. Howse, dealt very well with the complicated part of Bosola, skilfully showing his changes of mood and temperament. Similarly L. Brokenshire, also making his debut as Antonio, played the part competently, speaking his lines distinctly and with feeling. Other good performances were carried out by the more experienced Chris Morris as Ferdinand, Andrew Wye as the Cardinal and Edward Lee as Castruccio. All of these acted with great ability in the manner which they have shown several times before.

For the first time this year, we were fortunate to have the help of four girls from Langley Grammar School. All of these acted their parts very competently, particularly Susan Higgs as the Duchess, whose only fault was that at times her voice became rather too quiet. Nevertheless, this inter-school co-operation augurs well for the future.

The school also showed its dramatic potential in the number of the good minor part actors. There were many good performances of courtiers, madman and executioners, and although their particular parts may have been small, yet their participation helped to make the whole production go off in its polished manner.

Our thanks this year are particularly due to Mr. & Mrs. D. Bryan who designed and made the costumes which were such a feature of the play. Also to Mr. R. di Girolamo and his students at the High Wycombe College of Art who designed and made such a startling and fine set. Once more, make-up was in the experienced hands of Mrs. O. Holgate and Messrs. Bryan and Fallows. For the dance of the mad-men we were lucky to have special music partly composed by D. Lacey and played by the school orchestra. It was certainly mad music!

Finally, Messrs. G. Fallows and D. Rogers must be

warmly thanked for their fine production. The play was certainly a success, and that this was so was largely due to their efforts, keeping alive a keen spirit both in rehearsals and in the actual performances. Our thanks to all, and keep up the good work!

CAST -

Duchess of Malfi	:	Susan Higgs
Ferdinand	:	Christopher Morris
Cardinal	:	Andrew Wye
Cariola, A gentlewoman	:	Gillian Spenser
Antonio	:	Laurence Brokenshire
Delio	:	Antony Welsh
Silvio	}	Marc Lavelle
Roderigo		Patrick Hughes
Grisolan		Peter Dent
Bosola	:	Kenneth Howse
Castruccio	:	Edward Lee
Julia	:	Sarah Aukett
Old Lady	:	Sandra Gibson
Antonio's Son	:	Peter Taylor
The Doctor	:	Stephen Shaw
Guards &	}	Gerald Cannings
Executioners		William Pyke
Madmen &	}	Terry Lee
Servants		Graham Stickland

CREDITS -

Costumes	:	Mr. & Mrs. D. Bryan
Lighting	:	Mr. D. Rogers, P. Appleby & D. Jones
Front of House	:	Mr. P. Thompson, I. Rogers, C. Overton & R. Overton
Make-up	:	Mrs. O. Holgate, Messrs. D. Bryan, G. Fallows, T. Boyle & P. Cuttell
Graphics	:	S. Place
Set	:	Mr. R. di Girolamo and his Students at the High Wycombe College of Art.
Production	:	Messrs. G. Fallows & D. Rogers
Producers' Assistant & Prompt.	:	S. Shaw

BEGINNINGS AND

A report on the Middle School Play - January 1970.

The success of the Middle School Play "Beginnings And" can be reflected by the thunderous reception given by audience, and cast, as co-producers Messrs. Thompson and Dutton took their bow on the stage, after the play.

"Reginnings And" was written by the cast, from improvised dialogue tape-recorded at rehearsals. After some weeks of hard work, it was staged. Bill Davis was the central character in a piece which portrayed the internal conflict between school interests and the attractions of outside life. In imaginary scenes he pursues two possible solutions; in the first, friends and relations assembled at his "funeral" regret their misunderstanding of Bill, to his great satisfaction; in the second, the problem of lack of understanding between his parents and friends evaporates at an imaginary party. In a highly stylised ending Bill explains that neither of these "answers" is possible, and that he must continue to seek a workable solution. Hence the absence of "Endings".

The Dog-Track crowd (Martin Fallon, Dennis Lovejoy, Suresh Kalia, Philip Brougham, Gary Wynne) all performed their parts in typical Slough dialect, summed up by Tote Attendant John Doran's thunderous 'Oy!', following the stealing of programmes and money from Stephen Vine, a programme seller at the Dog-Track. It was unfortunate that his comic walk routine was spoiled by the absence of music, due to a tape recorder malfunction.

Bill's best friend Phil (Phillip Moody) and friends Terry (Terry Lee), Matthew (Matthew Spriggs) and Jock (Brian Feenan) all played their parts well, ably assisting in the humour department.

A special mention to John Ingram for his expert portrayal of a respectable city gent at the dog-track. Also to Lesley Sanders, Angela Curtin, Francesca O'Brien and Cori Hughes, from the Convent, for their parts as girl friends to Bill and his friends.

Credit to Brian Smith, who leaged twixt organ and stage to provide music and to serve as barman, during one scene; to Catherine O'Discoli as Bill's mother, and a special mention of Bill's 'father' - "... or I'll know what's what...", and to those who helped backstage, front of house, shifted scenery and attended to make-up - thank you to you all.

L. DANIELS AND C. MORRIS.

ANTIGONE - BY JEAN ANOUILH -
20TH AND 21ST MARCH, 1970.

This year, in conjunction with St. Bernard's Convent, the French Circle's production was an 'A' Level set book. It proved to be interesting and informative for the audience, the majority of whom were 'A' Level students.

'Antigone' is Mr. James' first production at this School. In his version of Anouilh's play, the scenery was of the simplest, and the costumes were from no particular period, the overall effect being that the audience had no distraction from the action of the tragedy, which unrolled simply before them.

The tragedy was heightened by the light-hearted attitude of the 'Gardes' and their colloquial, sometimes vulgar, expressions.

Sandra Draper and Chris Morris were very successful in their long and difficult roles, and credit must be given to M. Bondonis who helped considerably with problems of pronunciation.

The play was well received both nights, and the producers, Mr. James and M. Bondonis are to be congratulated on their success.

Cast -

Antigone	:	Sandra Draper
Créon	:	Chris Morris
Méon	:	Cormac Smith
Ismène	:	Jane Bentall/ Ivana Pagnotta
Eurydice	:	Jane Knibb
La Nourrice	:	Carleen Vaughan/ Anna Jedras
Le Page	:	James Deaville
Les Gardes	:	Chris. Cowland, Graham Stickland, Nicholas Chilcott
Le Messenger	:	Peter Taylor
Le Choeur	:	Andrew Wye

Production team -

Stage Manager	:	Peter Clarke
Assistant Stage Managers	:	Gordon Love, Paul Roberts
Lighting	:	Peter Appleby, David Lacey, David Jones
Front of House	:	Robert Wilson
Prompt	:	Robert Amoroso
Programme - Art Work	:	Edward Lee
Make-up	:	Mrs. Holgate, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Fallows, Philip Cuttell, Terry Boyle.

ROBERT CLAY, 62 He.

THE RIVER

In the beginning is the spring. A foetus, frothing, bubbling, a fountain of power as yet unborn, spewing forth threshing boiling water at its birth. Clear and cool, icy cool, trickling streams explore cracks and crevices in the hillside, all the time growing in size and strength until it becomes a rushing rasping, grasping youngster. Plucking at everything as it passes, wandering up side alleys, experimenting, all the time experimenting. Picking up anything, everything, dropping the trivial along its cluttered banks, but carrying the important to the end.

On, on it rushes. Rapidly down its reaches roars the small yet powerful stream, young at heart, anxious to experience all. Always asking questions, whispering softly to the sentinel mountains. Between two walls it rushes, imprisoned from the outside world, only seeing the small world of stones, rocks and small waterfalls over which it passes. Always picking up, carrying more and more, not wanting to let anything go, everything new, while it is unspoilt, a virgin in the world.

Yet it must give up this childhood, lead a more useful life, not just alone but with weaker fellows along with it, seeking a powerful guardian. As it grows it slows down its pace, still collecting experiences, but letting them come to it, as if knowing what lies ahead and that all too soon it will be lost in eternity. Making its way through the fields and meadows of its new home it gives more pleasure to others; animals drink from it, children swim in it, men fish in it, all come to rely on it. Sensing this and enjoying this feeling of importance, the river seems to beckon them on. Softly, more silent than before, it slowly sifts through green meadows, with shafts of sunlight scintillating, sparkling, scattering from its silvery surface to all corners of the earth, like ripples on a pond. Winding, weaving, coiling its way through fields, under little stone bridges, past hamlets, all relying on it far more than they used to.

Widening now, getting bigger and bigger, an expanse of softly moving water, no longer picking things up, in fact, wanting to put them down, leaving old friends, travelling companions, the river knows that soon it will pass out of its estuary into oblivion. Towns grow on its banks, while slower and slower it gets. It becomes more and more abused, people take advantage of the old man and dump all the leftovers, cast-offs and rejects of society into it. Not caring any more, resigned to its fate it travels wearily on, no longer a fast, fearless furious filament of water, but a slow, silent, serious solution of experiences gathered in a lifetime.

Nearing the sea now. Boats flit across its surface, no longer caring that it is wanted, only remembering the abuse it's taken and how it has been spoilt with muck, filth, chemicals, all kinds of effluent, unwanted companions forced upon it by people.

Still wider it becomes, and a hint of the oblivion to come touches it. Recoiling, fearing the inevitable doom, it tries in vain to retrace its path, fighting a losing battle against the force waiting for it to join all the other rivers in the stagnant sea of oblivion. Gradually its waters mingle with the sea, fingers poke and prod this newborn to test and to greet him. Rivers that have already passed into oblivion welcoming, anxious to hear about the outside world which they left a long, long time ago. Gone, gone, is its individuality, now it is part of a collection of experiences in eternity.

Anthony Balch, 4. Milton

FISH

Silver droplets fly up,
A rusty brown tail flicks around,
A fiery shadow darting in the murk,
Twisting, turning, master of the stream.

A small fish darts from the reeds,
Swimming to the shallow rocks,
The fish being chased by a red streak.
The mud is stirred up; when it settles.
No fish can be seen.

The lazy stream passes over the fish.
He allows his rusty body to be taken down,
Down past the rocks, past the muddy shallows,
The current taking him down.

Rupert Dyer, 10

I got a bite,
Felt the tug,
Felt the strain
Of the oppressed.

He fought
To stay alive.
Would not come out
Swam, tugged, pulled,
But could not break
The nylon line.

Then out he came:
Nigh on twenty-five pounds.
Huge, dead, lifeless.

His beauty is
Like that of a rainbow,
Glowing in the sunlight,
Clothed from head to tail in weed.

I got a net
And lifted him into the boat.
There he lay gasping for air.
Out came the hook
Covered in blood.
Slimy, dirty, messy.

A huge brute.
A good success.
Yet I felt sorry.

Christopher Bench, 10

Like a tornado,
Dashing and running off the line,
Boring deep down,
But eventually tiring.
Rod bent double,
Absorbing the strain.
It floats to the top,
Is netted and brought to the bank.
A massive fish,
Thirty pounds or so,
With a brown back,
Covered with primrose spots.
The underneath white
With patches of blood;
The gills moving
In and out, in time;
The dark eyes staring ahead.

It opens its mouth,
And the teeth flash.

Stephen Addison, 10

Carp

The sun rose high in the sky,
Its yellowy cauldron of heat burning against my naked back.
I drew slowly back into the shelter of the green foliage
Which hummed and buzzed with the steady droning
Of colourful dragonflies, red, blue and green,
And strange ones that I had never seen.
I surveyed the river, its current washing seawards,
The brown and green water shimmering like a mirror
As the light reflected from it.
The opposite bank: the same tropical foliage, but
A green strip of burnt, dried grass, fringing in front.
The surface of the water rippled with rings, starting small but
spiralling out,
Hundreds of them, some big, some small.
Sometimes, suddenly, there would be a large splash
As a carp came up and swung back its tail
Whacking and foaming the water. The peaceful scene
Disappeared as the water foamed,
But soon it was back to peace.
The gold backs showed clearly under the water,
And sometimes they rolled over to show glinting silver bellies
Flashing in the bright sunlight.
Their faces were sad, looking downcast
As they wallowed in the shallow water near the bank.
Suddenly I felt sorry for them, but that soon was gone.
Another splash suddenly broke the water,
Not a fish but something else,
Something strange, bright yellow, but floating all the time.

Suddenly, with a shrieking thrash it darted down
And with a sharp thud the line went taut.
An ear-splitting whine wailed over the water,
Breaking the silence of the day.
But suddenly, with a loud snap,
All was still;
And maybe I was not sorry that the fish had escaped.

Stephen Sagar, 20

The Empty Tank

His body floats upon the water calm,
With fins all drooping at his cold, cold side,
And mouth and eyes no more will move again.
He has gone, gone to his heaven in the sea.

Down the garden we walk, no words spoken,
With slow, slow steps and big tears in our eyes.
A small hole is dug and in he is put,
And now only a cross reminds me of him.

Robert Plant, 20

MOUSE

I

He poked his head out of his hole,
His inquisitive eyes darting about
Searching for crumbs, or anything dropped.
He cautiously stepped out, everywhere quiet,
His fur glistening under the red glow of the fire.
Then, as quick as a flash, he's across the room
Not stopping. Then, suddenly, comes to a halt,
His tiny paw up, his head cocked;
He seems to know his way around, as if he had done it before.
He headed straight towards the kitchen.
As he nears the door he stops, his nose in the air;
He smells something familiar - cheese.
He scampers in unaware that a trap lies before him.
Then in the middle of the room lies his object.
He runs as fast as he can towards his death.
As he grabs the cheese a steel clap comes down,
A small squeak - then silence. The darting eyes still.
His silky fur ruffled up - ruined.

David Boxall, 10

II

Everybody was shouting away and nobody was paying any attention to Mrs Finbark. Everybody thought the lesson was a bore and flicked ink-soaked bits of paper about. When bored of this it was rice that was being blown about. This was the scene in Form II's room by the Head's office. Paul, Andrew and myself were planning a fiendish scene. We would disturb Mrs Finbark while Andrew went to the back of the class to open the cage.

When the time came for Andrew to embark on his voyage (the floor was a sea of ink and rice) he said goodbye and good luck, and nearly gave us his most dear possessions in case he did not come back! Paul and myself started to squabble about rhubarb - we had nothing else to squabble about - and when Mrs Finbark saw us she came down and ticked us off. Then she screamed as a little white mouse began to crawl up her ladders. We retrieved it and put it back in the cage.

She thanked us profoundly, and we were very proud of ourselves and our little mouse friend! When Andrew came back from his travels we told him what had happened, but admitted to him that she had not given us the ten pounds which we had bargained on. When Paul imitated Mrs Finbark's face it sent Andrew into convulsions of laughter and brought the head in from next door. Once more told off, we decided to use a tiger next time.

John Crampsie 2A

III

Sunlight blinked off every ear of golden corn.
A stalk moved; it gradually leaned over in the still day.
A brown and white patch moved up joint by joint;
Tiny claws, nimble, climbed, gripping the wispy straw.
The sun seemed to glow warmth on the silky fur;
The oiled limbs moved sleekly, sliding
Slippery under the smoothed-off coat.
Pink eyes showed, shining brightly
Against light tan surroundings.
Miniature ears twitched and whiskers drooped in gladness.
A wrinkled nose sensed the glory of the rays of bright warmth.
Suddenly a wave of shimmers came floating down the meadow.
The fur, ruffled, showed a bald patch,
And the mouse slipped glossily to the warm ground.

Peter Jeffs 2B

"The Memories of childhood have no order and no end....."

Mother versus Father

She stands alone among the kitchen pans,
She loves no-one,
Her husband's not the man he used to be,
He shouts and shouts,
All day, all night, year in year out they fight,
For what? For what?
Along the road comes their son Jim,
The dirt, the dirt.
"A wash, to bed his father calls to him.
"But dad!" "Now son!"

Alan Brooks 2A

Loneliness

He looked round. The wind whistled an unfriendly greeting in its chilly way. He wandered round the bushes. He called out loud. But not even his echo would answer. Dismally he sat down. It had started with cowboys and indians. He was lying ready for an ambush. But he had not had the chance. He started to play football with a stone, but the noise was terrible. It broke the silence and went through his head like a hammer. Nothing, just nothing in sight. It was not the same as walking down a street on your own, there you have people all around you, but here there was nothing. The trees stopped rustling, and it seemed as though the whole world were a silent continent where sounds were never heard. Then he sensed a movement. His friends came in. They looked happy and cheerful. They broke the monotony.

Rupert Dyer *C

The Bad Day

I told him not to run and jump.
The lake was deep.
He did not hear a word I said
And made a leap,
And found himself upto his neck.
He cried for help.
I waded in and pulled him out.
It spoilt our day
As homeward we wound our way.

Jan Stieglitz 2C

Hide and Seek

Quickly, clambering up the drainpipe;
Quickly onto the flat-topped garage.
Quick, quick, before he counts a hundred.
At last, on top, lying down flat.
Keep still, keep quiet, mustn't be found.
Here he comes, shouting "I'm coming ready or not!"
Keep still, not a sound, he's just below.
He looks in every bush.
I heard the scuffle of his feet fade away,
He was now in the front garden.
I was left alone.
The sun went behind a cloud.
It got very cold; it was time to get down.
I had won,
I called out, "I've won!"
But no-one answered.
He'd gone away,
Tired of looking for me.
I was all alone.
The sun went in.
It got cold.
I went in.

Charles Ash, 10

Blind Man's Buff

I don't like the dark,
But I must play the game.
You feel dizzy, spinning, spinning,
Until finally you come to a wobbly halt.
The feeling of helplessness is around you,
Emphasized by the horrible dark.
Then suddenly you notice - all is quiet, silence.
You start to run around the room in despair -
Faster, faster, crash!
You fall over.
A burst of laughter rings in your ears.
Then you are helped up.
Again, all is quiet, silence.
The darkness is all around you, hovering horribly.
You feel embarrassed.
You can't stand this torture any more.
You rip the blindfold off and you are greeted
With loud screams of laughter.
You feel deserted, alone
With your fear of the horrible dark.

Robert Carey, 2A

A little boy walking along an unknown road,
A different way to school,
A voiding bullies.
All alone in a wilderness of
Hedges,
Trees;
Walls;
Doors,
But not a person there,
Not even a face peering from a window.
Suddenly two dogs
Snarling

Yapping

Barking

Snapping

Come from an open gate,
Small brown beasts of terror
Encircling me like vultures
Waiting for the end.
"Good dog" I say, trembling with fear;
"Down boy", my hands trembling -
No effect.
Now snapping at my trouser leg,
Jumping for my sleeve,
Vicious.
Whistle.
Dogs fleeing as quickly as they came.
Saved from certain death.
An unknown end.

Anon., 6₁

NIGHT AND DAY

M₄

The wind drags the car into the night, the car straining behind its headlamps.
The headlamps pierce the darkness;
The darkness shrouds the town;
Yet the town is no more lonely than in daytime, only more peaceful:
A mobile moving in the wind, as a monument to civilisation.

Terry Lee, 4 Hampden

Sunrise

Gradually, gradually, an inferno
Of blazing heat and colour,
Emerged over the horizon.
The sun, heralded by
The disappearance of the stars,
Slowly spread its warmth over the sea.
The mountains, silhouetted against
A pink background in the distance.
Rays of brilliant sunshine
Glinted off the wavetops.
Quickly the sun revealed all our surroundings
And bathed them with radiant sunshine.
Suddenly the raucous squawking
Of herring gulls brought me to my senses.
Yet another magnificent sunrise over.

Andrew Greenwood, 2B

SUN, WIND AND RAIN

Summer Walking Thoughts

Heavy air shimmers above the rich heads of barley,
Low hum and drum of hot bright insects,
The light dusty earth cracked and warm under bare feet,
Life giving, life taking, heat pours down over the country
And down the back of my neck, and seeps through my shirt and jeans.
It reaches into all but those most deep dark places
Where toads and lizards lie motionless, avoiding the searing heat,
Waiting for the respite they know must come with darkness
When magic moisture will grow on the grass blades
And the damp cool will rise mustily from the earth
Which now crumbles to dust in the harsh brilliance.

Colin Brown, 6₁

Heatwave

- A.C. Smith, 4 Hampden

Sitting in a classroom watching the heat waves dance on the window
sill.
The slow ticking of a watch one agonizing minute short of four o'clock
Chairs creak, I feel uncomfortable,
I change my position,
Maybe it was better before.
My pen becomes slippery as sweat covers it.
The boring talk of one person to another outside the room,
Just too far away to hear.
Hot sweaty feet encased in dusty black shoes.
I just want to drop my head on the desk and think of something and
nothing
My nose needs blowing but I'm too lazy to bother.
Everyone seems untidy.
Someone makes a joke. I don't feel like laughing,
So everyone else sounds hollow and incongruous.
What a stupid design these desks are - nowhere to put your feet.
I feel like jumping into a bottomless hole - just drifting down and d

Heatwave

Lying placid against the sharp heat of pebbles, my hands cover my eyes.
Through the webbing of flowing flesh, the strong white light flashes
rose-coloured.
On the slanting backs of wavelets, yellow sun glances green and cool blue.
Sounds of brittle laughter splinter from spiky children.
Sand-coloured flesh ripples in lazy currents out of scarlet, flowered
clothing.
The breeze tiptoes over the cooling skin of my chest, raising shivers.
High in electric quivering blue, relaxed clouds hover.
Crunching footsteps weave slow patterns amongst fluffy towelling.
Umbrellas keep in the heat.
Children and men in braces, women in huge straw hats, cackle round an
ice-cream van.
Ships, in the flaming distance, wallow greasily.
The lines of the distance muddle and dissolve into muddy grey.
Etched sharp black against the tawny sand are breakwaters.
The bricks of the sea walls are honey-colored and shadowed.
Moss draggles and slops in faded green,
Over rocks, buzzing with sandflies, seaweed dries and stretches.

P.W.T.

Wind

The wind comes rushing swiftly over the hills, tossing the grass and leaves about and bending the trees until their long branches sweep the ground. The wind rises and then pauses and there is silence until the wind seems to become too heavy and falls, plummeting and spiralling, and careers down the long slope until it hits the moor and spreads quickly out, like a rotten apple hitting the ground. It slows momentarily, and then on it goes again, rattling through the wire fences and bending the tall wheat, until the golden corn merges with the yellow mud. The cows huddle together, terrified, but still eat the short grass, tranquil in the raging storm, and nearby the sheep bleat furiously but cannot be heard because of the wind.

And then it reaches the cliffs and hovers, flicking the purple heather back and forth, and then it glides down again onto the greeny-black sea and immediately the water becomes crowned with white and it rises high in wallowing waves, which would pound the cliff if they could but are driven far out to sea.

And then suddenly there is silence and the animals look around wondering what has happened. But the wind has gone and the only evidence of its passing are the gulls settling again on the high cliffs.

Simon Frost 4 Milton

Thunderstorm

The hot sultry afternoon drags on,
The sun slowly turning pale in a white sky.
The wind drops and the birds' whistling slowly comes to an end.
A row of grey clouds form
Distantly on the eastern horizon
And all is quiet, deadly quiet, waiting, listening.

A solemn rumble is heard far off
 And the sky turns slowly black
 And then a sudden flickering spear punctures through the sky.
 A crash! Then the first drops
 Of rain, falling faster and faster
 Until the hail beats on the ground with no mercy.
 A blinding light fills the sky,
 And from the evil clouds,
 A distant rumble dies away and the storm is over.
 The hail turns to rain
 And a tint of white appears.
 A bird flies through the still air.
 The black blanket floats away,
 The light fades but the clouds remain,
 And far off a solemn rumble heralds the end of the storm.

Karl Lewis, 2B

PRISONER

The man in the cell
 Thought it was hell,
 So later that night
 He started a fight.
 The fight grew and grew,
 And soon warders too
 Began to unwind
 All woes in their minds.
 Soon it was time,
 He started to climb
 Up onto the wall.
 He started to fall
 Out into the street,
 Only to meet
 A large group of men.
 Time started again.....

Howard Gardener, 4 Milton

Fluttering cabbage white,
 Contentedly wavering around the
 Multiple cherry blossoms,
 As they moult reluctantly,
 Petals flowing down in a roundabout way.
 Harmless creature, perpetually fluttering,
 Over the upright black irons, and
 Higher, yet higher,
 Into a nastily stuffy, sweaty room.
 Then, of a sudden, thud!
 "Got it!"
 Now enclosed in a restrictive glass cage,
 And now, stale yellow foliage is being thrust in!
 - Prisoner!

Clive Williams, 4 Hampden

The Boy

Soon the dawn would come,
The planes would go,
Then the looters would come
And steal from the rubble,
While we would uncover the dead.
There he lay - a boy
Of no more than six.
He was not dead, but
He would have been better off.
Near him, a man and a woman,
Probably his parents.
He came round, bleeding.
Blood on the ground,
His legs were crushed
And one arm broken.
He started crying
As we carried him to
The Ambulance.
He, so young, would never walk again,
Yet we, so old, had not been harmed.
Then the best thing for him happened -
He died.
Now here I stand,
Over a small piece of ground,
Where decaying in a small box,
Lays that small boy.

Christopher Buck, 3A

Life

As I watch those last mourners,
Their love for me remaining in their hearts,
I relax, living a free life as a peaceful soul,
I wonder about life.
Now that I am, as they used to call it, dead
My worries are gone, pain is no more,
And my mind feels fresh, free from the obstruction
Of hundreds of useless facts.
Now I just can't understand
Why they should be sorry for a person
Free from the prison of life.
These people here are living in a world of worry,
A world of wars, of cruelty,
A world of fantastic weapons
Which kill one and then set one free.
What they think is a guard to the cell door
Is really the key.
At last I understand what I could never see
before,
Death, the great crescendo of Life.

Andrew Piasecki, 3A

A KIND OF LOVING.....

Life, love,
Are words I use less often now.
I live still,
If weeding your grass is to live,
As you lie on your back and look on)
I love still,
(You stand now and walk, I think, to me
Carelessly throwing your weeds in my face).
The life of my love
Is still burning:
My love of life
Is extinct.
(The weeds survive, a little scorched:
You pretend not to see them).

Chris Cowland 6₂

30. 4. 70

Born in corn
In the evening fallow,
There
Twin suns glared in your eyes,
From where rain sometimes came.
Lips twisted in a smile or frown -
Blue skies - or grey.
Birdsong sang out from your throat.
But then came the harvest.
Someone cut the corn
And took it away.

Matthew Spriggs 4 Herschel

A LOVE SONNET

The thing I like most about you
Is not your golden hair,
Your shining eyes or ruby lips,
Or the perfume that you wear;
There is music in your walk, I know,
But even this cannot explain
The curious magic in your form
That sets my soul aflame;
Your kisses too, it cannot be,
Although your breath is mountain air,
So what is it that makes us love,
My one so fair?
Breathless now, my horse I mount
To check what's in your bank account.

Chris Cowland 6₂

THOUGHTS

All that's left are the cigarette ends
With the empty meths bottles
And the thoughts of what might have been.
The dust is settling in the city,
Dusk is hanging in the trees.
The evening is washed by dappled seas.
The sun is calling from the night;
It's out of sight.
I watch lovers hold hands at evening
And kiss at the dawning of their lives,
And I think, as I look in my mirror
At the tears on my face,
The human race ?

Richard Brown, 6₁

PASSING ACQUAINTANCES

Time to go came.
We left, leaving friends,
Or passing acquaintances.
They carried on; we went home.
We were forgotten,
We were alone.

We only exist when we are together..
Our ties are so weak that absence will sever
Our friendship; we have none; they really don't know
What it is to know someone, desire to know.

They stagnate in their friendships;
To them they're a bind.
They want to know no-one
Without their own mind.

Clive Rotheram, 6₂

The arrow that flies by daylight
You love,
 And the round hills, smooth lakes
The gourd and the melon, the diamond and the rose,
Flowing stream in a wide valley.
 You walk
In the paths of righteousness and are applauded.
 But I ,
Shunned and despised,
 Love the mountains,
The grape and the almond, the poplar and the column,
Stream from among rocks, fevered expectation
And the arrow that flies by night.

Andrew Wye, 6₂

ENDS: On end - Endanger - Comprehend - End-product - Lend - Defend - Put an end to -
Condescend - Mend - Endure - Commendable - Endow - Fend - Friendly - Bend -
To end by - Big end - Send - No end - Make both ends meet.

Neil Folker, 4 Milton.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has had another successful year. Since Christmas it has shown a film and had an annual coach trip to Chichester, Bignor Roman Villa and Petworth House. This trip was excellent; perhaps one of the most ambitious trips ever organised. It was well-supported and the fine weather made it that much more enjoyable.

A group from the society, which used to be known as the Historical Travel Society, has been in addition to Newbury and Winchester and to show their keenness, members have paid public transport costs.

We have been very encouraged by the large number of first-formers who have recently joined and shown their interest.

Finally, David Upton and myself would like to thank Messrs. Wharmby, Miles and Thompson for their constant and eager support which is very much appreciated.

A. J. Welsh

RAILWAY CLUB

A disappointing year, enlivened only by the interest shown in the Club by members of the First Form. Work on the layouts has been at a minimum but it is hoped that next year it will be possible to hold regular meetings again. Visits, too, have been in short supply, but we are intending during the Summer term to organise a repeat trip to Slough Signal Box, and spend a whole day visiting two narrow gauge systems in Kent.

Any boys interested in this society's aims or activities should contact the Chairman, D.J.Koopman.

D.A.R.

THE METALWORK CLUB

The Metalwork Club was restarted in October last year at the request of some fourth form boys. It is now supported by boys from all years and meets every Monday evening from 4.00 p.m., to 5.00 p.m.

The work done is entirely up to the individual and, within reason, anything can be and will be tackled. Also repairs can be carried out on any existing metal gadgets.

At present there are many exciting projects, amongst which are a golf trolley and an electric, radio-controlled, model car !

Anyone wishing to join need only present himself at a meeting; membership is free, however attendance is required at least once in every four weeks.

R. Brown
Hon.Sec.

PUBLIC SERVICE VEHICLE CLUB

Chairman - Leon Daniels
Secretary - Clive Williams

Sponsor - F. G. Miles, Esq.
Publicity - J. Henry Peddle

The club (previously the Commercial Vehicle Soc.) made its mark at the 1969 Conversazione by hiring a double-decker bus for the evening. People were let in the cab, and information on the history of the bus was given out. We also had a special six-page colour issue of our magazine "Destination" for the Conversazione; 80 were printed, and all sold. Our indoor display was also successful.

Since then, we have printed three issues of "Destination", and as none have sold very well, despite our efforts with Public Transport Surveys, etc., we are giving it a rest, and hope to bring it back in September, every month, free to members.

On October 31, 1969, ten of us enjoyed an informative and interesting tour round the Bell Punch Ticket Works, Uxbridge. The different processes involved in making a ticket were shown to us, and everybody enjoyed the afternoon.

The club has established a 'library' of bus and coach timetables and so on, but it has unfortunately not seen very great use. In general, the club seems, after a very successful first year of being, to have suffered from the general wave of apathy that has affected so many school clubs. This apparent lack of interest has prompted us to make our latest venture - a London Transport & London Country Garage Guide (a guide to bus garages of these companies) available to the public. The book, which sells at 2s 6d has been produced and, so far, sales have been very encouraging. Despite a decline in standards since 1969, the club continues to be among the school's more active clubs, and we hope to expand next year.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr.Miles for being our sponsor this year - he has certainly been very helpful, and has tried to give us a good name in the Staff Room at any rate ! Also we must thank Mr.Binstead, Mrs.Stephen and Mrs.Taylor for the use of the duplicator, and the Headmaster himself, for his co-operation over the Garage Guide, and his overall interest in the Club.

C.R.Williams,
4 Hampden

THE SLOT CAR CLUB

Chairman: A.C.Smith
Treasurer: G.F.Young

This year saw the retirement of the founder and chairman and many senior members, and we took over in September. A publicity drive helped to raise the membership to twenty-four, many of them first formers, who show much enthusiasm and latent skill, and we hope that they will continue for many years to come. The treasurer proceeded to gather the subscriptions (no mean task !) with which we purchased a quantity of Revell track. April saw the publication of the first issue of "Get Slotted", the club's new magazine, produced by the club officials, but in future we hope by the members as well. It seemed to be well received by all and sundry.

As with all clubs, indeed everything nowadays, we need more money, so we hope more people will come along in the future.

A. .Smith

THE PRINTING CLUB

Secretary: S. Callacher

A large amount of work was carried out by the club during the past year, the emphasis being on orders from outside school, for the first time ever. We hope that this side of our business will continue to expand. Many of these valuable orders were secured for us by Mr. Sparrow, to whom we are most grateful.

As usual the greatest task we had to perform was that of producing the tickets and programmes for the School play on time, always difficult but almost impossible when time is in short supply. The progressive design of the play programmes was made possible largely by the advent of the large mechanical printing press capable of printing a type area of 11 x 7 in. at one time.

In a society such as this a large irregular membership is undesirable but a number of enthusiastic boys willing to give up their time and energy is essential. We are lucky in this respect for when people decide to join, printing becomes a lasting interest and they attend regularly each week. Members have to spend years patiently working in the club before they have the necessary knowledge and experience to employ successfully some of their own ideas producing good pieces of work with careful design and mixing of styles which are pleasing to the eye.

The club wishes to thank Mr.Bryan, for his continued help and guidance, and Mr.Sparrow for allowing us to stay late at school, not only on Thursdays but also on other evenings when work is pressing.

S.J.C.

A U S T R I A 1 9 6 9

It was about 1.30 p.m., on Tuesday 19th August 1969 when one of the blue and silver coaches of Dr. Willi Luftner of Innsbruck, Worgl and St.Johann carried the invasion force into the quiet Stubai Valley. This group composed of some 30 boys and 3 masters from S.G.S. was to spend the following 10 days in the area, based on the hamlet of Neder.

Activities were, as usual, varied: full day excursions were arranged to the Bavarian Royal Castles and over the Brenner and Laufer passes to Merano, in the South Tyrol district, an area of obvious political dispute between Italy and Austria. Local excursions, strangely, provide stronger memories: the times that Austrian heads solemnly shook and the Alps re-echoed to the strains of Ilkley Moor and other choral effects as the open balcony tram bumped and shook us on the superb scenic ride to Innsbruck; the battles through teeming ice cold rain to reach the next village of Neustift - and the supreme reward of coffee and sumptuous cake; the occasions when we proved that the 32 seater local bus could in fact contain 3 times that total and still operate on time; the 'compulsory walk' which took us beyond Ranalt at the head of the valley hopefully towards the glacier, but in fact to the Buchalm mountain hut and tea or 'coke - again in unspeakable weather.

Other mingled memories persist: the hotel manager in dressing gown at 9.30 p.m., finger to lips; a curious red bleeping 'object from outer space' liable to be encountered by the unwary in the hotel corridors after lights out; the thunderstorm which one evening illuminated the entire valley with brilliant effect for some hours; the hotel's Tyrolean Evening; the Innsbruck day which found Mr.Miles leading a group to Maximilian's Arsenal, Mr.Thompson climbing a mountain and Mr.Rogers tram riding with some seniors to the ancient town of Solbad Hall.

Above all we remember the strange mixture of conservation and kindness of the Austrian people: the food, always plentiful, often strange, and the weather which included torrential rain, bright sunlight, and every possible variation, including thick mist and snow !

Despite this latter, we would all gladly invade the Stubaital again !

N.Brookes & S.Shaw

T H E F O R E S T O F D E A N, 1 9 6 9

After the success of the Ridgeway Hike in 1968, the Historical Travel Society decided on a similar camping holiday for 1969. This time, however, we camped in one place for the whole week and visited places of interest in the area by bus or on foot. The centre we chose was Lydbrook in Gloucestershire, at the home of Mr.Miles' parents. We camped in the nearby orchard, and our meals were kindly provided by Mrs.Miles.

On Sunday 27th July, our first day in Lydbrook, we walked to the nearby village of English Bicknor, spending some time in the 12th century church. After lunch a second walk took us to the splendid castle at Goodrich, also dating back to the 12th century and situated in a beautiful Wye Valley setting.

The following day, which was dull and rainy, was spent in Gloucester. The superb cathedral has one of the largest perpendicular windows in England with the original 14th century glass, and tombs of Edward 11 and Robert, Duke of Normandy (eldest son of William the Conqueror).

Tuesday was a much finer day when we visited a number of places by bus. The ancient town of Monmouth afforded much of interest, from the fine Norman work of Overmonnow Church to the ruins of the castle, where Henry V was born in 1387. Our second stop was Tintern Abbey, a magnificent and well-preserved ruin, the inspiration of Wordsworth's poem by the same name. Chepstow, our final visit of the day, is another historic town with a huge castle begun by William Fitz Osborn in 1067 and rebuilt by the Clare family 200 years later.

On Wednesday, we walked through some of the most beautiful scenery in the area. Our first stop was Symond's Yat where the river Wye flows through a narrow gorge and forms a tremendous loop, taking 5 miles to encompass Huntsham Hill and curve back to within a few hundred yards of its own earlier course. After a slight detour of several miles due to inefficient map reading (!) we arrived at Staunton, visiting the old church there. Our walk then took us to the Buckstone - an old Druid Temple commanding impressive views of the Forest, - and Newland where we visited the church, which has been described as the 'Cathedral of the Forest of Dean' and which possesses a unique 'Miner's Brass'.

On Thursday we visited some more places by bus. Raglan Castle, our first stop, was built in the 15th century. Large parts of the original building remain. At Usk we saw the ruined castle, a former stronghold of the De Clare and the Priory Church of St. Mary before proceeding to Caerleon. Here we saw remains of the Roman fortress 'Isca' which include an amphitheatre and barracks blocks. Our next stop was Caerwent - the Roman City of 'Venta Silurum' some miles east of Caerleon and built to house and civilize the conquered native Silures. The surrounding wall, and foundations of Roman houses and shops are among the remains to be seen.

Friday was spent in Hereford. The cathedral has many treasures including the 13th century 'Mappa Mundi' and the Chained library, which is the largest library of its kind in the World.

The holiday was most enjoyable and we hope this year's proposed camping holiday in Sudbury will be equally successful. We should like to thank Mr. Miles for the part he has played in the organization of these holidays, and Mr. Thompson for his kind support.

D.W.U.

S O I X A N T E - D I X (and a little bit more)
or
H O W W E W O N T H E W A R - a tale of horror and intrigue
(An unbiased report on the trip to Normandy in March/April 1970.)

F.G.M. tumbled, half-asleep, out of bed at about 7.15 a.m.

"Oh dear," he muttered as he put on his clothes, "I should have been at school 15 minutes ago. I hope those gweat panda bears wait for me." ("Gweat panda bear" was one of his secret code phrases of which only he knew the meaning).

F.G.M. stumbled, half-running, along Eton High Street. Dawn had broken hours ago. Now he saw it, coming towards him, looming bigger and bigger, a coach; sitting at the front, also looming bigger and bigger, was a small round man, beaming, and with him a thinner, suspicious-looking chap wearing cord trousers.

"Gweat puddings !" exclaimed F.G.M. to himself; (this exclamation was also in code.)

The day grew hotter as the coachload of travellers hurried on towards the coast. Our hero handed out money with secret decoders, and badges and identity cards; the badges and some identity cards were also in code.

At Southampton they boarded a large boat and crossed the Channel smoothly. At Cherbourg they had a minor shock when one of their number, wearing dark glasses and a turned-up collar to avoid suspicion, was stopped at Customs. However, using the secret pass words - "Je ne comprends pas," he was allowed through.

After some hours coach journeying they rested for one week in a town called Granville. There they discovered certain information concerning their leaders; our hero is petrified by rubber snakes; the small plump man takes delight in being flagellated in the street late at night; and to top even these perversions the other, the suspicious-looking man, can't speak French. They also discovered the key to the hidden treasure, - "Quatre bieres s'il vous plait;" (or variations on the same); this they utilised night and day for the week.

They stayed in a dingy hotel where they often had to climb several flights of stairs at night, in total darkness, (this ensured total secrecy), and running water either ran or did not run, apparently indiscriminately. In fact the operation of the tap in one room would cause the considerable sound of a very large tuba to shatter the silence in the rooms below. The penetrating light of the nearby lighthouse would flash past the hotel windows throughout the night, and those who ventured to their double beds early found themselves in danger of their lives, or something, when their sleeping partners returned, intoxicated with the joys of living, from the cafe up the road.

Evenings were spent by most in this same cafe where cards, and the juke box were played incessantly, although this was not the main purpose in visiting this establishment. Days were taken up with wandering about the town with local youths as guides, sitting in cafes, or at "Le Club" of which the opening times were very much like the running water in their certainty, and where our happy

band would play baby-football and pool. Here they learned a new code, the secret or not so secret handshake, which they practised many times each day. They also visited Bayeux to study invasion tactics from an ancient tapestry, tried them out in a highly efficient unpublicised attack on the sinister island abbey of Mont St.Michel, and saw them successfully put into practice at Arromanche. Their mission was complete.

F.G.M. crawled out of bed, half-awake, and packed his case.

"Today," he mumbled to himself as he lit a cigarette, "we're going home; that should be weasonably stwaightfoward." He screamed out his orders and, with much kissing of waitresses, shaking of hands with soon-forgotten new-made friends, and exploding of cigarettes, they left as they had come, or rather more tired and with new-made resolutions to break.

They re-entered Britain under cover of darkness. The afore-mentioned suspicious-looking fellow was stopped but not searched by a customs officer and, stopping en route at a roadside cafe for a traditional English meal, they returned to Slough as midnight clocks chimed from their grimy towers.

F.G.M. crept gleefully into bed. For once his timing had been right.

"What went wong?" he asked himself as he scraped the nicotine from his dentures. His head touched the soft pillow and he was asleep. Now for a well-earned rest !

Thank you Mr.Miles, Mr.Dutton and Mr.Thompson !

Clive Rotheram

SPORT

1st XI 1969-70

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
30	23	3	4	99	24

Once again the School 1st XI enjoyed another very successful season which culminated in the winning of the R.J.Gibbs Cup for the third successive year. As in the 1968-69 final Stoneham School were our opponents and after a disappointing game the School ran out winners by the only goal of the match. Besides cup victories over Bulmershe G.S. (6-1), Burnham (6-0), and Dr.Challoners (4-1), other highlights of the season were victories over Glyn G.S. (2-0), Ealing (4-0), Ashford (8-1), the drawn game with Bradfield (2-2) and defeats by Latymer Upper (3-4) and Corinthian Casuals (0-3).

The strongpoint of the team was undoubtedly the defence which comprised of G.Cunningham a very capable 'keeper, B.Szuk and S.Scattergood (Capt.), two extremely hard and reliable full-backs, and G.Stickland and the greatly improved R.Wilson, who developed an excellent understanding as twin centre-halves.

In midfield were N.Chilcott, in his third full season, the extremely industrious A.Doig and enthusiastic R.Brown, who all worked very hard and put in some excellent individual performances.

The front three were generally selected from G.Watterson, very fast and elusive and always a threat to defences, N.Martin, who scored 28 goals but unfortunately lost touch during the second half of the season, D.Aslett, a somewhat surprising newcomer who settled down and improved very quickly, and M.Finn who was promoted from the 2nd XI and settled down to finish behind Martin in the goalscorers with 13 goals to his credit.

Special mention must be made of S.Scattergood who was selected to go to the final English Grammar Schools trial at Chesterfield, and to G.Watterson who attended the Southern Counties trial.

The team would particularly like to thank Mr.Waters for his enthusiasm, encouragement, and advice and to him must go a lot of the credit for the season's success.

Team from: G.Cunningham**, B.Szuk*, G.Stickland**, I.McHardie, S.Scattergood**, N.Chilcott*, A.Doig*, W.Martin', G.Watterson**, R.Brown*, D.Aslett', R.Wilson*, S.Digby, M.Finn⁺, K.Godfrey⁺, N.Nash, M.Grant, P.Clarke, P.Roberts.

** = colours 1968-9-70
 * = colours 1969-70
 + = half-colours

" = attended Counties festival
 at Skegness
 ' = played for county on
 occasions

G.Stickland

2nd XI

The team had an extremely successful season, being prevented from beating the existing school record by bad weather cancellations.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
25	21	2	2	138	23

Whilst scoring 138, mainly due to the accuracy and power of strikers Kevin Godfrey, Paul Ellis and Micky Finn who shared 87 between themselves, the defence only conceded 23; thanks are in order here to Ian Lucas, the captain, and his fellow sufferers Tim Rayner, Ian McHardie and Peter Roberts. Our midfield was admirably controlled by Ernie Pelling, Peter Clark and the 'find' of the season, Mick Grant, a dribbling wizard in his own right. It may be significant that the team was understaffed when points were dropped, but no excuses are necessary. The team gave some fine displays, notably those against Glyn, Reading University, Latymer, Ashford and Southall. The team also had a 100% home record, scoring 78 and conceding only 9 in 11 matches.

Many thanks are in order to Messrs. Hughes, Dunn and Walters who gave valuable time in getting the show on the road.

I.C.R.L.

U.13 XI - '69-70 Season

This season's U.13 side's performance could be said to have been a success but, it also had its disappointments. For, after a close finish in a well fought for league, we completed a 'double' over, eventual Runners-Up, St. Lukes in the last match of the season, which made us district champions. Unfortunately, in the Lightfoot Cup, we reached the semi-finals with a 26 goal-in-3 matches record; but on a soggy, strength sapping pitch, we met our end (4-1), at the hands of Slough Tech.

Really, this season was highlighted by the wonderful goal scoring feat of Andrew 'Dixie' Skelly, who put 64 balls in the back of the net. Though it would be unfair to the rest of the team, to forget them. Young 'keeper Richardson played well in goal, other fine displays were by Paul Chadband and Skipper Quinn and Mulvaney did well to share 56 goals between themselves.

Thus the team as a whole played consistently throughout the year and brought to school the U.13 League Cup, and very nearly succeeded in re-capturing the Lightfoot Cup, as well.

Team record:

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals For	Goals Against
32	22	6	4	123	56

LASCELLES LEAGUE 1969-70

Lascelles Cup Semi-Final, 2nd Replay F ... 3 B ... 1

Having twice surrendered a two-goal lead in this semi-final, team F continued in their generous ways, losing a one-nil lead before finally sweeping majestically into the final by three goals to one - a scoreline which scarcely does justice to their superiority.

The brave, skilful and handsome team F took the lead after fifteen minutes of robust play when a long throw from the right found Casey, who placed the ball deliberately past the goalkeeper. The lead, however, was short-lived, as three minutes later Evans, F's centre-half, was adjudged guilty of a trifling technical infringement - the sort of thing that can so easily happen in a game controlled by a squeamish referee who can't stand the sight of blood. From the resultant free kick Booth capitalised on a defensive misunderstanding to shoot home from close in. Thus the half-time whistle found F's fast-playing artists on level terms with B's untutored thugs.

If F have a fault, and you have to be hypercritical to detect one, it is usually a tendency for a proportion of their passes - though no more than perhaps 98 per cent - to go straight to the opposition. In the second half they improved on that level of performance, with Holdway striving manfully in mid-field, and Higgins and Dean were woefully unlucky not to score.

Indeed, any good luck which was going went B's way. One example will suffice. Pearce, on the right wing, was challenged simultaneously by Blount, Evans, and Biernat - a situation which in the normal course of events would put the victim in traction for six weeks. By providential intervention he emerged unscathed and passed the ball to Rotheram, whose shot beat the brave, skilful and handsome Braxton, but not, thankfully, the brave, skilful and handsome team F goalpost.

Soon afterwards, however, justice was done when Casey, racing onto a long ball, shrugged off two tackles before rounding the goalkeeper to score. Thus the forces of righteousness again found themselves in the lead. For some time after this Ackland and Pearce did their best to ruin a fine match by persistently trying to equalise, and it was only thanks to Braxton in F's goal - whose absence from the England team, incidentally, is the scandal of world football - that they did not succeed in their vile conspiracy.

The game was finally settled when Casey - whose claims for canonisation cannot much longer be ignored - again rounded the goalkeeper and Gerald Hemp to complete a magnificent hat-trick.

And that was that. Recent results show that Team F are at last getting the results which every connoisseur of good football knows they deserve.

C.M., P.D., C.R.

FINAL LEAGUE TABLE:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	PTS
A	10	7	2	1	37	13	16
F	10	6	0	4	22	14	12
C	10	4	4	2	21	21	12
D	10	3	2	5	19	27	8
B	10	3	2	5	16	29	8
E	10	1	2	7	16	27	4

Champions - A (Clive Chapman)

Wooden Spoon - E (George Micolajak)

Joint Lascelles Cup Winners:

A (Clive Chapman) and F (Don Braxton)

Thank you Mr.Dunn, for your help and forbearance over the year.

Chris Morris
and
Clive Rotheram

RUGBY

1st XV, 1969-70

The 1st XV, in terms of statistics, equalled their best-ever season (1966-67) with 17 victories, 1 draw and 7 defeats, and a record points aggregate of 439 against 170. It is difficult to compare this side with that of 1966-67 due to changes in the fixture list, but what is pleasing is that, unlike the side of three years ago, only two members of this year's side are 'transfers' from Rugby-specializing schools. In other words, the formation of Junior sides a few years ago is now paying dividends at 1st XV level.

Obviously a great deal of the success is due to the outstanding play of John Price, who scored 167 points, shattering the previous record by 65 points. He became the first player from the school to be selected for an England Trial, and was also selected to play for London Welsh Schoolboys at Christmas. His strength and skill guaranteed possession from the lineouts and had a great deal to do with the gaining of second-phase possession from rucks and mauls. He was ably backed-up by D.Crosswell, who joined him in the County side to form an all-Slough Grammar School Second Row.

The rest of the forwards were content, (sometimes too content), to act as support for the powerful second row. D.Bocking's experience made him an excellent defensive number eight forward - in many ways the most improved player in the side. K.Green and C.Brown were speedy flank-forwards and P.Fletcher and P.Owens were solid and reliable props. The position of hooker was a slight problem, with Bocking now playing in the back row. S.Amor and H.Middlemass were tried as hookers, but neither achieved great consistency, though they both played well in other aspects of the game. R.Bennett played some useful games in the back row.

The threequarters were quite strong. R.Thomas, the captain, was a reliable scrum-half and R.Skelly, who captained the County U.15 side, did well at outside-half, considering he was only 14 years old at the start of the season. Skelly ended the season with 53 points.

Until he left school in January, M.Kenneally was the ideal inside-centre, making the half-break on which C.Pope, with his great acceleration, could capitalize. Pope ended with 21 tries - 63 points. He and R.Amoroso (42 points) ran rings round some sides. Amoroso only took up Rugby in October - but proved to be a 'natural' wing-threequarter with an aptitude for the unorthodox. R.Ireland, despite his small stature, played with courage on the other wing. S.Clough was a most capable deputy and was unlucky with injuries. Behind them all, G.Cannings was always safe and sure at full-back.

In general terms, the team played some excellent Rugby, sensibly using its strength, the basic tactic being to gain possession through Price and Crosswell, and then use this forward power, or let Skelly and Kenneally manoeuvre an opening for Pope and Amoroso. As always, however, there was a lack of reserve strength (this is inevitable under the present system) and most of the defeats were suffered when below full strength.

Some enormous wins were achieved - 52-3, 44-0, 44-3 and many by 20-30 points and some surprising victories were achieved. RAF Halton were defeated in two tremendous matches, Stoneham were defeated for the first time and both St.Nicholas GS and Reading Blue Coat were despatched with extraordinary ease. All in all, pre-season expectations were easily exceeded.

Without Price, Crosswell, and several others, next season will be very different, except in one respect. The excellent team-spirit and 'club-Rugby' atmosphere which was maintained this year will undoubtedly continue regardless of playing results.

Honours:-

1st England Trial:	John Price
London Welsh Schools:	John Price
County U.19:	John Price, David Crosswell

D.J.B.

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JUNIOR RUGBY XV's

Apart from the U.14's (and even they were not as good as they thought they were, as Ealing G.S. proved) it was a miserable season. The U.15's gallantly resurrected by Mr.Cattermole, lost their three games and showed little talent. Only N.Barrett looks likely to go straight into the 1st XV - though G.Kilminster, N.Swanston and I.Addison may develop. R.Skelly was not available to play for this side.

The U.13's played once and lost respectably. They may develop if they can build on the experience of A.Skelly and N.Thomas and use I.Plester's speed.

The U.12's lost three games and were rather disappointing. S.Davies was an excellent scrum-half, P.Sadler an extremely promising centre possessing speed, skill and tactical sense, R.Perry a hard-tackling full-back and I.McClintoch a good runner. The forwards were weak, however. C.White and J.Rankin were impressive and Neill tried hard, but the forwards as a whole were slow to learn tactics and skills. Good threequarters are no good if the forwards are unable to win the ball.

The U.14's won 9 of their 11 games, scoring 220 points against 78. They were pleased with themselves, especially after beating Langley Sec. 54-3. Nevertheless, all was not perfect. They are still not playing enough good Rugby - they are relying on natural strength and athleticism instead of paying attention to basic techniques. Lineouts and rucks are terrible, their tackling is haphazard and their falling on the ball virtually non-existent. This criticism is made mainly because the side is so promising that they could be really good if only they would learn the techniques to go with their skills. They could be even more successful than they are if they would apply themselves. At the moment the only real 'Rugby' players are T.Wade and J.Pritchard (who learned the game at a school which has been runners-up in the National Preparatory School 'Sevens' seven times), M.Jackson (who was

nurtured on Rugby from the cradle), A.Skelly (another 'Prep' school product), and S.Williams.

The side relied greatly on the hard-running of E.Woloszyn (54 points) and C.Davidson (42). The openings for them were made by A.Skelly (when available) a small but skilful player, and M.Jackson. These two experienced players were invaluable at half-back. Also behind the scrum M.Goodchild was strong, if unorthodox. T.Wade skilful if rather small and D.Busby fast but hesitant. Both Busby and M.Brookes have more ability than confidence.

The forwards were strong, if clumsy. S.Williams and A.Marginson were the most accomplished. P.Tarrant was handicapped by a refusal to learn the offside law. P.Lake was another who could do well if he had more confidence and J.Smith will do well when he grows stronger. J.Pritchard unfortunately has not got the speed to match his skill, but is not afraid to fall on the ball. F.Donnachie was a good hooker. T.Wade place-kicked well and scored 55 points in all.

This side will continue to do well, merely on natural ability, but a more sensible approach to practice and training could make them formidable. It is all a question of attitude.

Honours:-

County U.15 Captain:	R.Skelly
District U.15 Captain:	R.Skelly
District U.14 Captain:	M.Jackson
District U.14:	S.Williams, E.Woloszyn, A.Skelly, M.Goodchild.

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D.J.B.

COUNTY CRICKET REPRESENTATION 1969

Five players represented Buckinghamshire this season and all benefited immensely from the experience. In the U.19 group, I.Rance, M.Dean, and D.Braxton played, Dean being selected for the final game against Canadian Colts (which was rained-off !). Braxton did reasonably well in his first games at this level, but Rance unfortunately never got going. Dean found the wickets at Hove and Kings Lynn very different from the appalling cart-tracks of the Bucks' Grammar Schools and Clubs, but he bowled well.

In the U.15 side, R.Skelly never really realized his promise, except in the field, but he is still eligible next year and should come into his own then. J.Wilks was unlucky to be overshadowed by one of the best spinners in England and also tended to be left out whenever it was decided to play an extra batsman. He made the best of his limited opportunities, however, and his bowling (and, indeed, his batting) improved immeasurably.

D.J.B.

HOCKEY (1st & 2nd Xls)

1st XI

P	W	D	L	F	A
16	7	4	5	44	22

2nd XI

P	W	D	L	F	A
10	7	2	1	30	14

At the start of the season, the 1st XI team was almost the same as that of the previous season, the notable loss being S.Furtado. The captaincy was taken over by A.Verma, with C.Overton as his deputy. During the Autumn Term the team played well, especially the defence, marshalled and eloquently criticised by C.Overton at centre-half. The notable victory was a 7-0 win over R.A.F. Halton, although Mr.Curry's assistance in this match was marked. At this point it is appropriate to thank Mr.Curry for persevering with Friday evening training sessions even when the same few regulars turned out, as well as for running the team.

C.Overton left in the Spring and the team then varied greatly from match to match, but only two out of the following seven matches were lost.

1st XI players: Verma (Capt.), Overton, Gogna, Sharma, McGlinchy, Seddon, Pratt, Taylor, Dempsey, Welch, Donham;
also played Sanders, Phillips, Holmes, Smith, Singh, Jones, and Mr.Curry.

The 2nd XI had a very good season only being beaten by Ashmead Grammar 1st XI. R.Overton was the captain of the team until he left with his brother, C.Overton, in the Spring. A new captain was not appointed but G.Sanders and L.P.Brokenshire filled that position. Our thanks go to Mr.Blagrove for umpiring our matches even in the coldest of weather.

2nd XI players: R.Overton (Capt.), Sanders, Phillips, Brokenshire, D.Jones, R.J.Clarke, Singh, Smith, Steinhardt, Holmes, Stephen;
also played Withers, Denham.

Verma, Gogna, Sharma and C.Overton played for the County team.

Once again our thanks to Mr.Curry and Mr.Blagrove for all their assistance.

P.Taylor
and
G.Sanders.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

This season has shown that the School will not lack in talented runners in the next four or five years, as this year the best teams were the U.13's and U.15's.

The senior team was left with only four of the previous season's team and we failed to obtain the results we would have liked, but we were far from disgraced when we competed with twenty-six teams, including some of the best in the country, at the Haberdasher's Aske's relay and finished sixteenth. Richard Edmunds worked very hard in training and was rewarded by being the outstanding team member but he was extremely unlucky when he failed to make the County Team by one place.

The regular team consisted of:

**R.Edmunds, *R.Johnson, *A.Spouse, *S.Sullivan, "S.Knibbs,
"R.Thompson, E.Latusek and **D.Chivers.

" = Half colours

* = Colours awarded

** = Colours Re-awarded

This season there were not enough runners to make an U.17 team but Barrett, Buckland and How ran as individuals.

The U.15 team was undoubtedly the best team we had, winning eight of their twelve matches, including the District Championships, District League, and the Chapman Cup. They lost only three matches outright and came sixth in the Parliament Hills meeting. The team was led by three outstanding runners: J.Edwards - the winner of seven races and County Team member, P.Ingvorsen - second seven times, and, A.Piasecki - fourth six times.

Regular team members were:

*J.Edwards, "Ingvorsen, *Piasecki, *M.Conway, N.Conway,
*Simmonds, Dickens, F.Donnachie, G.Donnachie, Kirby and
Je. Edwards.

* = District Team members

The U.13's had a good season and showed that they have some good runners who are willing to train and do well in the U.15 team next year. Regular team members were:

Barrett, Clarke, Cullen, Davies, McGuichen, Osborne,
Simon, Warrin, Graham, Spouse, Woods and Young.

Next year is likely to be a very successful one with the U.17 team reforming and this season's senior team staying together to capitalize on experience gained from twenty fixtures.

D.Chivers.

BASKETBALL

Under 19 team: R.Amoroso, R.Wilson, B.Szulc, J.Price, G.Cunningham,
P.Clarke, G.Love, A.King, I.Cairns.

The under 19 team completed a very fruitful, although rather short, season. All players showed great promise in this rather infant sport, and no doubt will continue their interest in it, thus assisting its growth. I believe our success can be measured by the fact that J.Price, G.Cunningham, B.Szulc and R.Amoroso all gained places in the Bucks county senior basketball team.

Under 14 team: C.Wise, P.Wilson, E.Wolozyn, S.Williams, N.Brookes,
M.Brookes, S.Nielson, I.MacDonald, M.Goodchild.

The success of this year's under 14 team in its very first season of competition was tremendous. The team's main aim was the Bucks under 14 league in which they did remarkably well to reach the finals. Unfortunately the task was literally too tall and had to be satisfied with second place. The skill and talent of these young players was displayed throughout the season by beating several local under 15 sides. No player can be singled out as all showed enthusiasm and flair to be potentially great players of this sport, and we can expect to see several under 15 County players next year.

On behalf of both teams I would like to thank Mr.Dunn for all the time and energy he has devoted to basketball which has put Slough Grammar School on the basketball map of Buckinghamshire.

R. Amoroso.

ROWING

Sporadically, despite the enthusiastic training of their patron and the group's emulation of the Jumblies ("They went to sea in a sieve"), the Rowing Club produces people who can, in fact, row. This year a Four, composed of W.Hare (stroke), R.Shircore, D.Coleman, J.Mayes, and M.Harding (cox) have been keen enough to train out of school and enter themselves in a few regattas, where they have had some limited success. They will continue in regattas this summer. Good luck !

F.E.D.

1st XI CRICKET 1969 SEASON

Under the excellent captaincy of Ian Rance, the first XI enjoyed a fairly successful season. Of the 15 matches played, 3 were won, (against Bishopshalt, the Parents and Staff), 9 were drawn, and only 3 were lost, which was certainly better than the 1968 season.

There were 7 regular members of the team - I.Rance, (captain), G.Stickland (vice captain), M.Dean, D.Braxton, A.Verma, T.Agnew and M.Finn, all of whom were veterans of last years team, and 3 of whom played for the Buckinghamshire under 19 XI (Rance, Dean and Braxton). They were well backed up by the new finds of the season, G.Love, P.Roberts, R.Skelly (a Buckinghamshire under 15 player), G.Cannings and R.Wood (wicket keeper).

The teams strength was - as usual - in bowling, but perhaps this can be explained since the pitches we played on were generally not ideal for batting. However we managed to amass 1347 runs in our 15 matches, and also break 2 school records - Ian Rance taking 11 catches during the season, and the dismissal of Bishopshalt Grammar School for only 16 runs (M.Dean taking 7 wickets for 7 runs), which is the lowest score an opposing school has been out for, on record.

We must, of course, thank Mr.Hughes for his valuable assistance during the season, and finally, we must also thank very sincerely, Bill Donogue, who in his own words is (was) a "scorer and batsman extraordinaire".

Mark Dean.

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CRICKET - STOP PRESS

Richard Skelly has been appointed County and District U.15 Captain for 1970, but a broken thumb may preclude him from playing in the early County games.

D.J.B.

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JUNIOR CRICKET, 1969

The U.15 side won four of their seven games and improved after a disastrous first game in which they were dismissed for 7 ! They had to learn that they could win without Skelly and Wilks, who were often away playing for the County. Although the batting was suspect without Skelly, people like M.Gajdus and C.North did make runs at times and the bowling of D.Stickland, S.Oakes and P.Owens was very competent. The wicket-keeping of K.Stephen was excellent.

The U.14 side failed to win any of their four games and only looked confident on the one occasion R.Skelly played and scored 41. The only bright spot in a rather woe-begone side was the fine wicket-keeping of Keith Stephen.

The U.13 side won five of their nine games and were a very pleasant side to administer. Martin Sherington, the captain, batted patiently and usually laid a solid foundation to the innings with A.Skelly. S.Nielsen did not quite realize his potential, though he always looked good, but both D.Hodgskin and T.Donoghue hit effectively at times. N.Hall and R.Dobson showed sound techniques. The bowling was very promising. C.Harrison was very fast and very erratic, but he did turn in some devastating performances. M.Dickens was extremely accurate, taking 8 for 16 against Stoke Green C.C., and Hodgskin and Skelly gave good support. Hall also took some vital wickets with his spinner. Wicket-keeping was a problem, but the catching and throwing was excellent as was the team spirit.

The U.12 side won both their matches very easily and looked a side of immense promise. The captain, Andrew Skelly, scored over 20 in both games, A.North helping to make a fine opening partnership. M.Stean and M.Pasco also looked very good. The bowling was done by Skelly, North and T.Mulvaney, and all did well. One looks forward to the development of this side next year.

D.J.B.

HORLICKS CUP, 1969

For the first time for many years the Horlicks Cup returned to Slough Grammar School after a very thrilling final tie against Slough Technical High School.

School had won their Semi-Final against Warrenfield by 48 runs thanks to a good innings by Cannings (23) and a fine spell of seam bowling by Skelly (9 for 23). The final against Slough Tech was a different affair, however.

Tech scored 86 for 7 in the allotted 30 overs against tight bowling by Skelly (who bowled unchanged), Love, Wilks and Oakes. School's innings was dominated by an excellent innings of 58 not out by Richard Skelly, who finished the game with a six from the first ball of the last over. Love gave good support for a time.

Although this was a great personal triumph for Skelly, mention must be made of the excellent captaincy of Gerald Cannings, whose field-placing and bowling changes could not be faulted.

D.J.B.



THE EX-LONDON TRANSPORT DOUBLE-DECK BUS HIRED BY
THE PUBLIC SERVICE VEHICLES CLUB FOR THE 1969
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